

A Man with a History.

His Body Covered with Lumps. Could not eat and thought he was going to die.

(From the Nashville, Tenn., Banner.)

Mr. John W. Thomas, Jr., of Theta, Tenn., is a man with a most interesting history. "It was in '84," said he to a reporter who had asked him for the story of his life, when I was working in the silver mines of New Mexico, that my troubles began.

"From simple indigestion my malady developed into a chronic inability to take any substantial food, and at times I was prostrated by spells of heart palpitation. On the 11th of April, 1893, I suddenly collapsed, and for days I was unconscious, in fact I was not fully myself until July.

On September 1st I weighed but 70 pounds whereas my normal weight is 165 pounds. All over my body there were lumps from the size of a grape to the size of a walnut, my fingers were cramped so that I could not more than half straighten them. I had entirely lost control of my lower limbs and my hand trembled so that I could not drink without spilling the liquid. Nothing would remain on my stomach, and it seemed that I must dry up before many more days had passed.

"I made another round of the physicians, calling in one after the other, and by the aid of morphine and other medicines they gave me, I managed to live though barely through the fall.

Here Mr. Thomas displayed his arms, and just above the elbow of each there was a large irregular stain as large as the palm of the hand and of a purple color, the spine covered by the mark was sunken nearly to the bone. "That," said Mr. Thomas, "is what the doctors did by putting morphine into me.

"On the 11th of December, 1893, just eight months after I took permanently to bed—I shall never forget the date—came Joe Foster, of Carter's Creek, called on me and gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, saying they had cured him of partial paralysis, with which I knew he had all but died. I followed his directions and began taking the medicine, as a result I stand before you to-day the most surprised man on earth. Look at my hand, it is as steady as yours; my face has a healthy look about it; I have been attending to my duties for a month. Since I began taking the pills I have gained 30 pounds, and I am still gaining. All the knots have disappeared from my body except this little kernel here in my palm. I have a good appetite and I am almost as strong as I ever was.

"Yesterday I rode thirty-seven miles on horseback, I feel tired to-day but not sick. I used to have from two to four spells of heart palpitation every night, since I began the use of the pills I have had but four spells altogether.

"I know positively that I was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I believe firmly that it is the most wonderful remedy in existence to-day, and every fact I have presented to you is known to my neighbors as well as to myself, and they will testify to the truth of my remarkable cure."

A gentleman who lately returned from a visit to Astoria says that while there he went over to look at what the Astorians call the "mushroom town" site of Flavel. He is not interested in the rivalry between the two terminal cities, but says that in the line of mushrooms he has never seen anything to equal the Flavel town site and vicinity. There were acres and acres literally covered with the nutritious and delicious fungi, which were of astonishing size. He secured one which was nine inches across, as big as a soup plate, and weighed half a pound, the largest mushroom he has ever seen. There were others nearly as large, and any number of good-sized ones. Mushrooms sell here at retail at 20 cents per pound, and the dealers pay ten and fifteen cents for them.—Portland Oregonian.

Cotton States Exposition.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 18 to Dec. 31, 1895.

The schedule printed below is a comprehensive guide to the best and most desirable route to Atlanta from the North and Northwest, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Terre Haute and Evansville.

Palace day coaches and Pullman sleeping cars are attached to all trains shown in this schedule.

Extremely low rates have been made to Atlanta and return, via the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway. All trains run solid between Nashville and Atlanta, except train in last column. The train in third column which leaves Cincinnati at 4:30 p. m., runs solid to Atlanta. This is the route of the famous "Dixie Flyer," through "all the year round" sleeping car line between Nashville, Tenn., and Jacksonville, Florida.

Train	From	To	Time
1	Chicago	Atlanta	10:30 a.m.
2	Indianapolis	Atlanta	11:00 a.m.
3	St. Louis	Atlanta	11:30 a.m.
4	Terre Haute	Atlanta	12:00 p.m.
5	Evansville	Atlanta	12:30 p.m.
6	Chicago	Atlanta	1:00 p.m.
7	Indianapolis	Atlanta	1:30 p.m.
8	St. Louis	Atlanta	2:00 p.m.
9	Terre Haute	Atlanta	2:30 p.m.
10	Evansville	Atlanta	3:00 p.m.
11	Chicago	Atlanta	3:30 p.m.
12	Indianapolis	Atlanta	4:00 p.m.
13	St. Louis	Atlanta	4:30 p.m.
14	Terre Haute	Atlanta	5:00 p.m.
15	Evansville	Atlanta	5:30 p.m.
16	Chicago	Atlanta	6:00 p.m.
17	Indianapolis	Atlanta	6:30 p.m.
18	St. Louis	Atlanta	7:00 p.m.
19	Terre Haute	Atlanta	7:30 p.m.
20	Evansville	Atlanta	8:00 p.m.
21	Chicago	Atlanta	8:30 p.m.
22	Indianapolis	Atlanta	9:00 p.m.
23	St. Louis	Atlanta	9:30 p.m.
24	Terre Haute	Atlanta	10:00 p.m.
25	Evansville	Atlanta	10:30 p.m.
26	Chicago	Atlanta	11:00 p.m.
27	Indianapolis	Atlanta	11:30 p.m.
28	St. Louis	Atlanta	12:00 a.m.
29	Terre Haute	Atlanta	12:30 a.m.
30	Evansville	Atlanta	1:00 a.m.

For further information, address BIRARD F. HILL, Northern Passenger Agent, 238 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.; R. C. COWARD, Western Passenger Agent, 405 Ry. Exchange Building, St. Louis, Mo.; or D. J. MULLANEY, Eastern Passenger Agent, 59 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.

W. L. DANLEY, G. P. & T. A., Nashville, Tenn.

CHRISTMAS IN PASTORAL



CALIFORNIA

With the early "Californians" Christmas was almost continuous, and, perhaps, there was not a happier people on the globe than the people of California during the first two generations of the present century. One of the few remaining dons of the olden time, in speaking of the "good times that come no more," said: "There was very little work to do, so we danced and amused ourselves!" That expressed the Spaniards' philosophy of life, and they enjoyed every day of their dreamy existence in this lotus land of almost perpetual sunshine and genial climate. Usually a ball continued two or three days, and during the Christmas holidays the festivities continued for several days after New Year's day. As the revelers came a long distance, usually owing to the sparsely settled condition of the country, they made the most of the opportunity—bringing along their necessary baile clothing, in every trunk, and in each neighborhood, some of the gente de razon of wealth would announce a Christmas baile and pascuillo campo ball and picnic. Institutions were not necessary, for the ground, in accordance with custom, kept open house, and his case belonged to everyone who came. As dancing was one of the chief industries of the Californians, nearly every house had a ballroom, however small it might be.

At a given hour the music was that of a violin, guitar, and sometimes a harp. El jota was the favorite and the most popular of all the Spanish dances, perhaps because of its poetic license in permitting the gentleman to express to his fair partner his love in rhyme. The verses were impromptu, or supposed to be, and inspired by the graces and charms of the bewitching senorita. The jota is danced by one couple or more. The senior faces his partner and when the music begins each couple be-



SCENE AT AN OLD-TIME FIESTA.

gin their refrain—the lady answering, in verse, the song of her partner. This was accompanied by each moving the arms in a flirtatious or endearing manner, as the song prompted, and the answer required—a pantomime accompaniment to a love story. Each dancer kept step to the music of the dance in alternately raising the feet and half turning with a light spring or hop, maintaining a stately grace as in the minuet. Some of the more graceful and dexterous senoritas, in addition, accompanied themselves with castanets. The next figure was the forming of a circle—the men going in one direction and the ladies in the opposite, and on meeting partners each couple took its former position. This figure called for a new verse.

El jarabe, the Mexican national dance, was next in popularity. It was danced by one couple when only its artistic effect was to be considered by the guests, but usually there was rivalry, and two couples contended for the applause, which was given with an echo. The steps are more of a slow glide movement and afford ample opportunity for flirting by gesture, for the movements of the body and hands must harmonize with the singing. The floor manager selected the most experienced dancers in the room.

By way of variety and to exhibit the grace and dexterity of some of the ladies, "el bamba" was loudly called for amid the clapping of hands. Everyone being seated, the floor managers approached some one of the senoritas who was known to be expert with her feet, and escorted her to the middle of the ballroom. He placed on her head a glass filled with water, and at her feet a handkerchief with two of the corners tied so that she might take hold of it with her toes. The musicians varied their airs, she as readily changing step. Finally the handkerchief was lifted on the toe of her white satin slipper and concealed somewhere under her dress. There was great applause; when with a dexterous movement, worthy of a ballerina, she brought forth the handkerchief. Not a drop of water was spilled from the glass on her head during this salutational exercise.

At the bailes of the middle class of people el caballo (the horse) was called for instead of el bamba. The floor manager, who was supposed to keep track of the expert dancers, escorted

to the center of the room the best male and female dancers. Facing each other, they gravely bowed, at which the spectators laughed in anticipation of what was to come. The couple balanced and shuffled their feet in accompaniment to the music, singing a verse generally on a local subject, and more or less broad in meaning. At its conclusion the woman took from her pocket a handkerchief, which she waved to denote a horse trotting, when she slightly raised her skirts before and behind as if she were about to mount the horse, bloomer fashion. The man was handed a cane, which he got astride of, and they executed the movement of riding horses to the great amusement of all.

It was a custom for the ladies to slightly raise their dresses, when worn long, so as to show the graceful steps, for the Spaniards prided themselves on their artistic dancing, and there was a rivalry among both sexes for superiority in grace and execution.

It was a practice for the spectators to applaud the more artistic, and la jota and el jarabe afforded the best opportunity for rival couples to display their art. After applause had been exhausted, the gentleman would further compliment the successful lady by placing their hats on her head, as high as they could reach, and toss others at her feet. She acknowledged this compliment with a repetition of the dance. The hats were redeemed with presents.

The ball usually ended at daylight. A few hours' sleep and the revelers were up, and off for a picnic in the groves. A light luncheon of fruit, wine and cake was taken along, which was eaten with vocal and instrumental musical accompaniment. The picnic ended with an informal dance called Canasta de flores. The dances formed a ring on the green sward, and circled round, chasing an odor to the flowers—the emblem of love. At its conclusion, each man embraced the senorita whom he loved most.

In the afternoon there was horse-racing, bull-fighting and a sport styled carrera de gallo, which latter consisted in burying a rooster in the sand, the head alone exposed. At a distance of 30 yards a horseman would run his steed at full gallop, and lean over and catch the bird. The ladies witnessed these sports with great interest. In the evening there was another dance, and on the next day another picnic, more bull-fighting and horse-racing, to be followed by more dancing, until the Christmas festivities extended beyond New Year's.

The dons kept "open house," the tables being always served, and everybody was privileged to come and eat his fill.

The costumes of the gallants of the early days were black cloth breeches,



SCENE AT AN OLD-TIME FIESTA.

reaching to the knee and sometimes longer, open on the outer side and faced with satin, buttoned with gold or silver buttons. Around the waist a broad sash of black or red silk was worn, ornamented with gold or silver fringe, the ends hanging on the left side. The jacket was of black cloth with blue velvet cuffs and collar, and gold and silver buttons. The stockings were of black silk and his shoes of dressed deer-skin. The hair was braided, parted in the center, and worn long, falling over the shoulders. The shirt was embroidered and the vest was usually of blue or red velvet or silk.

The ballroom dress of the fashionable lady was constructed on narrow lines, of red, blue or green silk, and close-fitting around the waist and neck, showing her shapely form to advantage with each graceful movement. The sleeves were short, showing a full, rounded arm. The dress was ornamented with bouquets of ribbons of various colors. Under the skirt was worn another of red flannel, making a very pretty combination. A red or blue silken sash extended from the left shoulder to the right side of the waist, where it was looped with a knot of ribbons of various colors. Her slippers were of white or red satin.

Only a few of the hidalgos of those romantic days are now living, and they continue the hospitable customs of the past by keeping open house on Christmas and New Year's days, giving a grand baile, content with merely looking upon the scenes in which they so often figured and telling their descendants of the "good times that come no more."

J. M. SCANLAND.

A Christmas Book for Her.
"Will you get me a Christmas book, my dear?"
She asked, with a kindly look,
And he answered: "My darling, I've got it here."
And he gave her a pocketbook;
Then she hugged and kissed him for half a minute,
For she saw there was something handsome in it.

—N. Y. Press.

A Present for His Grandfather.
"I'm saving up to buy you a Christmas present, grandpa," said Willie.
"That's very nice of you, my boy," said the old gentleman. "How much have you got?"
"Well," Willie replied, "if you'll give me ten cents, I'll have it altogether."—Harper's Young People.

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Sick-headache, Pains in the back, Sallow complexion, Loss of appetite and Exhaustion.

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One Pink Pill touches the liver and removes the bile.

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O V Time Table.

Trains Going South	No. 1 Daily	No. 3 Daily
Evansville	6:30 a.m.	4:00 p.m.
Henderson	7:17 a.m.	4:30 p.m.
Corydon	7:40 a.m.	5:18 p.m.
Morganfield	8:32 a.m.	5:45 p.m.
DeKoven	8:50 a.m.	6:22 p.m.
Sturgis	9:04 a.m.	6:37 p.m.
Marion	9:40 a.m.	7:28 p.m.
Princeton	10:35 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
Cerulean Springs	11:30 a.m.	9:05 p.m.
Gracey	11:40 a.m.	9:20 p.m.
Hopkinsville	12:05 p.m.	9:40 p.m.

NORTH BOUND

Trains Going North	No. 2 Daily	No. 4 Daily
Hopkinsville	6:40 a.m.	2:30 p.m.
Princeton	6:55 a.m.	4:45 p.m.
Marion	7:53 a.m.	5:47 p.m.
DeKoven	8:50 a.m.	6:50 p.m.
Morganfield	9:40 a.m.	7:35 p.m.
Corydon	10:05 a.m.	7:57 p.m.
Henderson	10:25 a.m.	8:20 p.m.
Evansville	11:15 a.m.	9:10 p.m.

LOCAL FREIGHT

Lv. Princeton 7:15 a.m. Daily

Ar. Hopkinsville 10:30 a.m. "

Lv. " 4:30 p.m. "

Ar. Princeton 7:30 p.m. "

Local freight will carry passengers between Hopkinsville and Princeton.

UNIONTOWN BRANCH

South Bound—Daily.

Lv. Uniontown 7:40 a.m. 5:05 p.m.

Ar. Morganfield 8:35 a.m. 5:30 p.m.

North Bound—Daily.

Lv. Morganfield 9:35 a.m. 7:30 p.m.

Ar. Uniontown 10:40 a.m. 7:55 p.m.

E. M. SHERWOOD, Agt. B. F. MITCHELL, Hopkinsville, Ky. G. P. A.

L. & N. TIME TABLE

Trains Going North.

No. 52 St. Louis Fast Mail 10:05 a.m.

No. 55 Nashville Accommodation 4 p.m.

No. 51 St. Louis Express 9:51 p.m.

No. 92 Chicago Flyer 9:19 p.m.

Trains Going South.

No. 53 St. Louis Express 6:00 a.m.

No. 54 Nashville Accommodation 7:20 a.m.

No. 51 St. Louis Mail 3 p.m.

No. 93 Chicago Flyer 6:47 a.m.

Nashville Accommodation does not run on Sunday.

North bound St. Louis and Chicago Fast trains have through trains solid and sleepers to Chicago and St. Louis.

Fast Line stops only at important stations and crossings. Have through Pullman sleepers to Atlanta, Ga.

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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 1, 1895.

WEST BOUND

No. 52. Daily. No. 51. Daily.

Lv. Louisville 6:30 p.m. 7:45 a.m.

W. at Point 7:25 p.m. 8:40 a.m.

Brandenburg 8:04 p.m. 9:17 a.m.

Irvine 8:30 p.m. 9:45 a.m.

Stephensport 9:00 p.m. 10:28 a.m.

Cloverport 9:31 p.m. 10:50 a.m.

Hawesville 9:54 p.m. 11:15 a.m.

Lewisport 10:18 p.m. 11:40 a.m.

Owensboro 10:50 p.m. 12:12 a.m.

Spotsville 11:45 p.m. 1:08 p.m.

Ar. Henderson 12:10 a.m. 1:30 p.m.

EAST BOUND

No. 52. Daily. No. 51. Daily.

Lv. Henderson 7:20 a.m. 2:05 p.m.

Spotsville 7:45 a.m. 2:31 p.m.

Owensboro 8:30 a.m. 4:00 p.m.

Lewisport 9:18 a.m. 4:35 p.m.

Awesville 9:37 a.m. 4:50 p.m.

Cloverport 10:05 a.m. 5:24 p.m.

Stephensport 10:38 a.m. 5:55 p.m.

Irvine 11:05 a.m. 6:30 p.m.

Brandenburg 11:31 a.m. 6:56 p.m.

W. at Point 12:05 p.m. 7:25 a.m.

Ar. Louisville 1:00 p.m. 8:20 a.m.

For further information, address J. C. MURPHY, A. G. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

W. L. WILLS, Owensboro, Ky.

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On January 1st we will move next door in the store now occupied by Graves & Condy. We want to move as little goods as possible and we are now offering our entire stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods at a great

Sacrifice

Cloth Top Sailor 15c; former price 25c.

Satin Top Sailor 33c; former price 50c.

All Wool Felt Sailor 63c; former price \$1.

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